Russet, gold and brown Dance in the wake of the wind. Small fading leaf, where are you going Back and forth, Hither and yon, Frolicing in the vast gathering of your fellows? Past are the spring and summer, Then you were happy. Once you were a pale budding green; You set yourself to conquer the world and conquer you did. In summer you proclaimed Your fertility, Your strength was your greenness And the sun and the rain weaned you. But, unknowing, in the midst of Happinness that seemed unending, Autumn crept from behind and threw About her tendrils of age. Coldness thraded interyour veins And stake away your green Of youth. OPUSZL You became a holiday red, You felt freedom, And slipped swiftly from your mother. You danced And danced, Little leaf, Until tired, but still you flirted with the wind And let her push you Up and Up And then down; The new red that you loved faded, But you could de nothing. You still scampered with your friends through The ever colder nights and days. The rain, once your friend, Now punished and pelted you into the earth; You still played and laughed harder. A candle flame that fought against the wind, Flickering Faster And faster. You dashed your poor body on trees, stumps, and ground, Leaving precious bits of you behind. You are torn And limp. One day you dance no longer And lie hidden beneath a pile of Other dead. You are raked up and burnt. It is the end. And so it is with man.

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